

THE WAR \$ CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year, No. 24.

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General.

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1903.

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Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE MAELSTROM OF PERDITION.

(See page 4.)

Our Missionary Fields.

JAVA.—Social Work Amongst the Natives.

BY MRS. ENSIGN THOMSON.

How strangely the customs of the Chinese and Javanese struck us on our arrival in this land! Wedding processions, funerals, birth festivities, and, in fact, their way of conducting themselves on all occasions, were sources of interest to the new chums. It seemed hardly possible that we could ever become indifferent to such scenes, and yet they are such common sights, and we have seen them so often during our five years' stay in the East, that we scarcely notice them now.

Two rain processions are the latest stir. In the first there were probably 150 to 200 men, all newly dressed, and straggling along in a company headed by a priest. On enquiry we found they were going to the outside of the village to spend the day in prayer for rain, of which there was great need. Rice planting could not go on, and corn and other things could not grow under the present circumstances.

The Salvation Army, remembering the poor, and how much they depended on the rain for their daily bread, prayed also at times for the refreshing showers, but God still withheld what we asked. At last the Mohammedans, after waiting a month for the rain, called together their priests, kadjies, etc., and formed another procession, with probably an addition of 100 or more men. It was striking to see so much earnestness amongst a nation who show so little zeal as a general rule.

Now, as I look around, I see and feel the cooling effects of the long-looked-for rain. The dust that was inches thick all over the place, and that had made it impossible to keep the house even passably clean, is all gone. The thirsty leaves have been washed and refreshed, and the whole place smells sweet and clean, as after a thunderstorm in hot summer weather in far-famed Cobar or Bourge. Thank God for the rain, and for the hopes it has raised in the hearts of our poor, dark-skinned comrades!

In our Social Institutions hope of a different kind has come to many. Some of our inmates came to us without the faintest ray of hope. Their lives, for long, had been made unbearable by loathsome wounds on their limbs, which had, in some cases been there for months, and even years. In spite of the native medicines, they were slowly, but surely, getting deeper, and spreading as well. The pain in some cases became so severe that sleep was impossible, and work quite out of the question. Added to this were the pangs of hunger.

Poor creatures! In order to get even a little food, they were obliged to drag their starving, filthy, and almost naked bodies from village to village, where often their own countrymen would turn from them with loathing and disgust.

On their weary rounds, these unfortunates at last met with the Salvation Army. How gladly they lay themselves down to rest in a place they soon came to look upon as home. How gladly they partook of the rice or corn and vegetables, which are provided; and how gratefully they said to us after a day or so: "Since you doctored my foot or leg, I can sleep, and feel much better. Oh, thank you so much!"

We have happy salvation meetings, and though there is at first the same spiritless, worn-out, don't-care-for-anything look, with never a smile, yet gradually we see a look of enjoyment coming over their faces. Then there comes a smile; later on they join in the clapping; then the lips begin to move—yes, they actually begin to sing salvation songs! Lastly, but not least, they make their way to the penitent form, scarcely understanding in any degree what such a step means, but doing it, perhaps, with an idea of pleasing their officers.

With regular food their faces soon become plump, and, under careful treatment, with God's blessing, the wounds heal. Their rags have been exchanged for something better, and now their merry laughter testifies to all who hear

them of happiness that few in this dark land possess. Such is a rough picture of some of our girls and women.

To some salvation is becoming more real, and often in the evening they get up a little prayer meeting on their own account, one of the big girls being recognized leader on such occasions. Thank God, for dark Java a brighter day has dawned. Christ is our hope, and as surely as the rain which has fallen has brought blessing, and will in time result in harvest, so surely will we reap our spiritual harvest by-and-by.

[It will be of interest to our readers to know that Major Glover, who spent some years in Canada, is at present in command of our missionary operations in Java.—Ed.]

SERMONETTES.

Loving Our Neighbor.

The new commandment Christ gave is to love God first, and then our neighbor. No man can live unto himself either actively or passively. Everything that emanates from the life of a human being has influence. Thoughts, words, actions, are the threefold elements of character by which we understand or express our lives. Thoughts must be sound and correct ere our words and actions can influence for good. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If we love the Lord with all our heart and strength, shall we not naturally love our neighbor also? And all we think, and all we say, and all we do will tend towards pleasing our King and benefiting our neighbor. In the great reckoning day we will find that our thoughts, words, and actions have mightily influenced all around us. If we live in Christ our actions will be in harmony with His wishes, and show others how to live, and not be a stumbling-block to those around us.

A minister of the Gospel smoked cigars. There were two church-members, and each had a son, to both of whom had been explained the error of smoking. The boys became old enough to think they were of an age to judge for themselves, and came to the conclusion that anything the minister did could not be very wicked. They accordingly bought some cigars and would sneak away where they would not be seen and smoke to their heart's content. Finally the habit controlled them to such an extent that they were never satisfied without a pipe or a cigar in their mouths. Then they got going to the saloon, began drinking, and in a short time one of them went to a drunkard's grave.

There we see the result of bad example, and how the selfish indulgence of a professed follower of God had disastrous consequences.

O comrades, let us so live that we will not be guilty of misleading poor souls, and remember that to love our neighbor is to do good by him in every respect.—Lionel H. Vought.

Sowing and Reaping.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—GAL. vi. 7.

This reaping is a glaring reality. It is a natural consequence of the sowing.

Reader, do you fully realize what it will mean to you, if you spend your life in sin? A wicked life, daily seen by those around you, who are looking to you for an example of righteousness, is appalling, and unless through you it is a question whether they ever will be saved, or to say the least will live on, and reap the fruits of sin for many years unless brought to God through your influence. Have you considered what salvation means, or are you still blind-folded to its true meaning?

There are people in the world to-day who will be speechless when they are requested by God to give an account of their stewardship. Instead of giving an answer, they will cry for the rocks and the mountains to hide them from His presence, all their talents wasted and their lives ill-spent.

Here is the testimony of one who is already reaping what he has sown:

"With one stroke, in an unguarded hour, allowing my temper to control me, I have spoiled a life of usefulness. My days are filled with sorrow, and there is nothing else for me as long as I live. I hope no one will have to witness such a life as I have lived."

These sad words are from a person who is still quite youthful, but old in sin, and is reaping what he has sown.

By direct disobedience to God, people often land themselves into circumstances which completely control them. In this condition they are on bound down by the devil, until death ends their mis-spent lives, and they sink down into perdition.

Our hearts bleed when we see people going on in this way, careless and indifferent to the eternal consequences which must result from their sins.

Dear reader, are you converted? or are you far from God, drifting down day after day to eternal despair?

One way is plain; we have no extravagant sentences to weave together, but wish simply to tell you that there is still room at the cross. Jesus is waiting to blot out your transgressions and take you into the fold.—Capt. Meeks.

"Showers of Blessing."

All night the gentle raindrops laid
Soft fingers of caressing
On every young and tender blade,
Athirst for "showers of blessing."

Now fields smile back in living green,
The withered earth adorning;
With blossoms scattered in between,
As for her bridal morning.

So, Lord, upon my parched heart,
Thy dewy fingers pressing,
A million tiny blades would start,
That wait for "showers of blessing."

The vivid green of faith new-born
Hope's tender buds would cherish;
And love's consummate flower adorn
A wealth that could not perish.

Dear Lord, my soul's athirst for Thee,
And yearns for Thy caressing;
Oh, lay a gracious hand on me,
And bring down "showers of blessing."

The Greatest of These is Love.

A worker in the Manchester slums tells the story of a whole family completely changed by the presence of a deformed child. The father was a rude working-man, the boys were coarse and uncouth, and the mother, overworked and far from strong, had fallen into untidy habits. But there was born into the home a crippled child, and that deformed baby was the means of drawing out the sympathy, and love, and tenderness of the whole family. The man nursed and petted the child in the evenings; the boys made playthings for her, and showed their affection in all sorts of pleasant ways; the mother kept the window clean, that her child, pillowed on the table, might look out on the coast. The visitor declared that she witnessed a complete transformation in the family—an elevating and refining process went right through the whole household. Surely love is the great transformer.

Prayer.

Archbishop Leighton, being once in great danger riding on horseback, he lost his way in a thicket, and, overcome with hunger and fatigue, began to think his situation desperate. He dismounted and knelt down to pray. With implicit confidence he resigned his soul to God, entreating, however, if it was not the Divine pleasure for him then to conclude his days, some way of deliverance might be opened. Then remounting he threw the reins upon the horse's neck, leaving it to the guidance of an ever watchful Providence. The animal made its way straight to the high-road, threading all the mazes of wood with unerring certainty.

The General in the Quaker City.

Philadelphia Thoroughly Roused—Wonderful Manifestations of Divine Favor; Resulting in One Hundred and Forty-One Souls at the Cross.

IT was at 12.45 p.m. the train, bearing the General and his staff from Washington, rolled into the great track shed of the Pennsylvania station. There had been some uncertainty during the morning as to just what train the party was to take from the Capital; nevertheless, quite a little knot of Salvationists were gathered about the gates, who, as the General, flanked by the Commander and Consul, emerged from the train platform, saluted him affectionately, and received an answering salute.

Arriving at his billet the General plunged straightway into work. Reporters of the various city newspapers solicited an interview, and fatigued as he had been, the General not only received them, but for perhaps half an hour delighted them with his animated, vivid conversation.

"My!" remarked one of

THE KNIGHTS OF THE QUILL,

as they came down the hotel steps afterwards, "wouldn't it be a picnic if all the great men were as pleasant to interview as General Booth is?"

Evidently his brethren of the press were of like mind; for every important paper of the city, both morning and evening, contained not only favorable, but highly appreciative, accounts of this interview, referring to the General and his life-work in terms of commendation and eulogy that rang clear with sincerity.

It had been announced that the premier meeting of the series, to be held on the Saturday night, at the Thirteenth and Vine Street Methodist Church, was to be a quasi-private one, reserved for Salvationists, former Salvationists, and actual backsliders, but good-sized as the church is, it was packed to the doors long before the meeting opened. There was a fine showing of Salvationists from Philadelphia and points adjacent, who were so urgent in their determination that it was found impossible to deny them and to preserve the original intention of the meeting.

Of course there was a whirl of wild enthusiasm when the General and staff entered. Really, these Philadelphians, awake, are very wide awake, indeed; the soberest of the fine old Quaker element, which was well represented in the meeting, turned themselves loose "with as much fire and abandon as any Army veteran.

Commander Booth-Tucker took the lead of the meeting, both in the opening song and in the fervid prayer poured forth by him that the Army might in truth be a holy people.

To frequent outbursts of applause Colonel Lawley sang one of his characteristic songs, with the refrain, "Be blood-and-fire," then the General stepped to the pulpit.

THE GENERAL'S ADDRESS.

Needless to speak of the tumult that straightway arose, actually setting the staunch old church to vibrating. But the General, like a war-horse scenting battle, was eager for the fray, and presently quieting the audience, entered upon his subject.

He spoke of the gratifying enthusiasm that everywhere met him during his tour; he referred to the signal victories of his Washington campaign, just concluded; he laid bare the deep-reaching, peculiar tenderness with which he has long regarded the American people and his gratitude for their affection, and then promising that he might both wound and heal some who sat before him, set to work.

Work it was no less. He analysed the feelings of many of his auditors with the accuracy of a chemist; he dissected their motives as with the skilled hand of a surgeon; he probed, he laid bare, he cauterized, he seemed literally to cleave between the joint and the marrow, showing a perception, a knowledge of human motives that was positively masterful.

It was a meeting of peculiarly moving tenderness. Forty-five souls claimed victory in the end, of whom thirty were backsliders.

Sunday Morning.

Oh, what a grievous dawn, and what a sorrowful day! Before daybreak the rain set in, and throughout the whole day never for a moment did the steady downpour cease.

And yet, forbidding as was the weather, it is open to doubt if Philadelphia ever before saw a series of religious meetings to equal either in attendance, fervor or results those that the General conducted at the Auditorium. From first to last they were simply magnificent, stupendous, overwhelming.

At 11 o'clock the big theatre was wholly filled on the floor and in the boxes, and the balcony had few, if any, seats to spare.

Despite the weather, despite fatigue, the General was full of fire, even from the moment when he gave out the opening song, and after Colonel Higgins had led the hearts of the audience to the Throne of grace in prayer, and Colonel Lawley had stirred these hearts further with song, the instant the General began his sermon it was palpable to all that he was kindled from on high.

The theme of his address built itself around the phrase, "Thy will be done," in the Lord's prayer. He led his hearers, in spirit, back to the days, fifty-seven years ago, when he himself, a lad in his teens, was confronted with the inevitable command embodied in that petition; in words that were as vivid with color as the pigments of a painter, he showed them the struggle that went on in his young soul, and with

A SPLENDID BURST OF POETIC IMAGERY

described the glories of the triumphs when at his faithful plea God came in and took full possession of him.

It is impossible to describe the vivid intensity, the impassioned warmth with which he laid down and elaborated the axiom that only in so far as it is God's will in us is it either safe or right to act upon the will at all. He cited numerous illustrations of this fact, both from history and from his own observations, and capped them with an exquisitely-moving reference to the late martyred President, who, even in the throes of oncoming death, could yield himself utterly to the will of God.

There seemed to be no aspect of his theme which he did not touch, and in touching, illuminate. His grasp of detail, his intimate perception of the innermost things of the soul and will, above all the splendid confirmation of his own career, shook his hearers as with a Divine penetration.

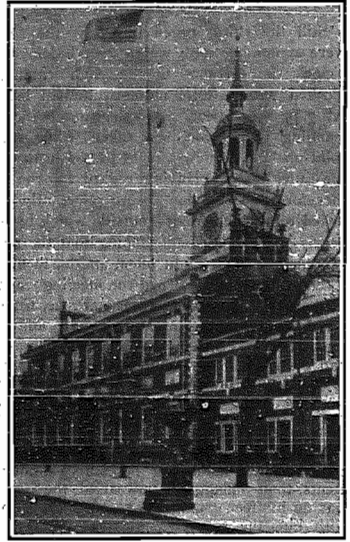
Closing with a splendid outburst in which literally it seemed the man's spirit was lifted out of him, the General sat down amid a silence that could almost be felt. Under Colonel Lawley's skilful lead the prayer meeting immediately began, and while the venerable white head of God's great militant saint was bowed in supplication, first one, then a second, and third penitent came forward. Major Cox prayed, the fishers went forth.

What a burst of hallelujahs! For at the end twenty-five souls knelt at the mercy seat.

Afternoon.

What a splendid, what a magnificent audience—and yet the rain pelted down outside implacably! Not a vacant seat in the house, and when the Commander opens the meeting there are two or three hundred people standing.

An employee of the theatre volunteered the information that most of the best blood of Philadelphia was represented in the audience, while on the stage certainly the prominence of the gentlemen in attendance was not to be questioned.



Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Sitting in the chair, as presiding official, was the Rev. Russell Conwell, D.D., the widely-known pastor of the Baptist Temple.

Following a most moving prayer by the Consul, the Commander introduced Dr. Conwell, who, with peculiar felicity of expression, welcomed the General on behalf of the doctor's fellow-citizens. It was Dr. Conwell's sixtieth birthday, and he felt it indeed a unique and honorable celebration that he should on that day present General Booth to this audience. He drew a very happy parallel between

THE GENERAL AND GIDEON,

Israel's triumphant warrior-leader, and in brief, pithy language expressed his admiration for the organization that this wonderful, world-wide leader of men had, under God, created.

Many were the daintily-gloved hands, as well as the broader-palmed, uncovered ones, that broke out in applause as the General advanced, and of a truth those same hands, gloved and ungloved, were often busy during the address.

There were those present who had many times heard General Booth speak; sitting in the box with the writer were a gentleman and lady, the latter of exceptional intelligence, who had frequently listened to the General, but these, in common with all the rest, did not hesitate to assert that never had they known him to rise to such heights as during this afternoon.

They were probably right. The subject, to be sure, was one that ever lies close to the General's heart, for it was the rise and development of the Salvation Army; but even so, it is doubtful if ever before in dealing with it he did it more justly than on this afternoon.

It was as if the General had flung out an electric impulse which at will he could turn now this way, now that; but which invariably kindled an incandescent glow in every mind and heart within its radius. He flashed, as it were, message after message through the pulsing atmosphere, like the famous Marconigrams, each and every one found lodgment in the hearts he had attuned to their reception.

When, in his peroration, with a final superb burst of splendid intensity he reminded his auditors that for him the night was rapidly approaching, that only God could say if he should ever again address them, and when he appealed to them as individuals to set their own hands, and hearts, and lives to the work which perchance he must soon lay down, the thrill that passed visibly over the audience was a thing to remember for many a day to come.

In asking for a collection—in which she was impressively seconded by Dr. Conwell—the Consul took occasion to pay a tribute of rarely sweet filial tenderness and womanhood to the General, and to speak of the great results already grown out of his visit, after which the Commander dismissed the meeting.

Evening.

Still the storm raged pitilessly, the streets were swimming with water; yet before seven o'clock the entrance to the Auditorium was blocked with a solid mass of human beings. At 7.45 every seat, every legitimate inch of standing room even, was taken, while still a solid phalanx of new-comers passed in through the outer doors. Having regard for the law, therefore, the attendants were reluctantly compelled to close the doors, outside which by 8.30 nearly 700 people stood, hoping that the police captain in charge might relent and let them in.

The Commander opened the meeting; again, to the hearty applause of the audience, Colonel Lawley sang his way into every heart, and with that artlessness of which he is past master, soon had even the most rigidly respectable singing joyously with him in the chorus. Philadelphia must be rich in Army song-books to-day, for during these meetings they sold like the proverbial hot-cakes.

No sooner had the song concluded and Colonel Higgins made the necessary announcements, than unflagging, unwearied, the General was on his feet urging the people to appreciate with him the solemnity of the occasion—the last present, perhaps the last eternal opportunity given him to hold up Christ before them.

Taking as his text Elijah's stern command of Ahab and his recreant people, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" he pressed it home with grave insistence upon those before him.

Truly the vigor, the intensity, the fundamental originality of the man of seventy are things to marvel at. Untiring, apparently tireless; the centre, the dynamic influence of two intensely fatiguing meetings already that day—and under the most depressing climatic influences, too—he was yet to-night as full of force, of fire, of incisive energy as an athlete fresh from training. As he paced restlessly to and fro, ever and anon pausing to fling out that relentless challenge: "How long halt ye?" he was the embodiment of apostolic energy.

The General's irony is a thing delicious to listen to; so gravely is it launched, so subtly does it pierce. In that afternoon he had given an exquisitely-keen and sustained sample of it in speaking of certain members of the insect kingdom, and again to-night he sped a shaft at the expense of the shilly-shally, whether in philosophy or religion.

Tears stood, brimming and unashamed, in many an eye as this battle-worn warrior of God bade them farewell, and called down heaven's blessing upon them.

And now began a scene that set Salvationists' hearts a-dancing. Responsive to the appeal, two souls came out; in five minutes there were ten kneeling; in ten minutes there were thirty; ten minutes later the count had passed fifty. Jubilation was writ large on every comrade's face, but when at the evening's close it was announced that seventy-one souls had found their Saviour, joy broke bounds in a shout the angels must have been glad to hear. The grand total of souls for the series of meetings was 141—an offering to lay before his Lord that must have sent the General happily to his rest that Sunday night.

THE GENERAL AT WORCESTER.

Friday, Feb. 20th, was a very severe day—one of those days which compel you to rub your ears, clap your hands, stamp your feet, and move about at express rate for the purpose of conquering King Frost, so as to prevent him freezing your ears, toes, nose, and hands—and yet in the teeth of this, believe me, the band, the soldiers, the officers, and friends, and the crowd, waited for solid hours, in the dark, bleak depot, for the purpose of giving their honored General a red-hot welcome to their city.

The train that brought our leader to Worcester was running late, but when the iron horse, covered with snow and ice, and with fire flying from its nostrils, entered the station, the pent-up enthusiasm burst loose, and for a minute or

two the mighty depot sounded and re-sounded with volleys of welcome and Hallelujahs of praise.

As for the meeting itself, I don't think we can do better than quote from the Worcester Daily Telegram:

"General William Booth, head of the Salvation Army, got a royal welcome from Worcester last night in the Mechanics' Hall.

"The audience which greeted the aged founder of the real church militant numbered 1,500, packing the auditorium and two sides of the galleries. The platform, from which he gave an address which lasted an hour and a half, was crowded with Worcester clergymen and representative citizens, and a number of high Salvation Army officers from England and America.

"Commander Booth-Tucker presided, but the speaker was introduced to the audience in a brief speech by G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, who entertained General Booth and his English officers during their stay in Worcester.

"The hall was filled by eight o'clock. Shortly after, General Booth came in, on the arm of President G. Stanley Hall. The audience applauded, and the Salvation Army, band, placed on one wing of the stage, gave salute.

"After a few words of greeting from Commander Booth-Tucker, a song was sung by Colonel John Lawley, chief aide to General Booth. After this, at the request of Commander Booth-Tucker, President Hall made a brief speech of introduction. He said in part:

"I cannot help recalling to-night my first acquaintance with the Salvation Army, many years ago. I remember how uncertain I was about their military ways, their singing on the streets, and their light military music, to which one seemed to want to dance. I don't know that I liked the bonnets the lassies wore, but I know now that I like the Army. It reaches a class which no other organization reaches. It has found new methods of approach, and new methods of fighting the devil hand to hand. It is about thirteen years ago that in this same hall I had the pleasure of introducing Henry M. Stanley. You know what a great work he did. His book was then about to be published. That book recalls another which made as great a sensation in the thinking world, that recently published by General Booth.

"Your hearts, I know, cordially greet General Booth to-night. His vigor and enthusiasm suggest perennial youth, though his years admonish us that this may be the last time we shall see him in Worcester."

"The audience rose to a man when the General stood up to speak; the band saluted him, and the Worcester corps did likewise.

"The General overshadowed everything and everyone. Tall and straight, despite his many years, with the long white hair and beard of a prophet, keen, clear eyes, ready to fill with fire, and with the nose of a commander of men, he looked the patriarch. He proved a master of plain speech. He showed a wit which at times convulsed his audience. At other times, with a fervent gesture, and a dozen hurried words, he tore hearts with emotion."

But for ninety minutes the General held the crowd spell-bound. Scarcely a soul moved until the benediction had been sung, and as the congregation turned their faces toward the cold, bleak night, and fought their way home through ice and snow, they, I am sure, pondered the General's story over in their hearts and minds, and resolutions were made that, by the grace of God, they too, would do something towards saving the perishing world and glorifying God.—Colonel Lawley.

ODDS AND ENDS.—The Local Officers of Tweed are working hard to regain the property at Tweed that was originally built for Salvation warfare in that place, but was never properly deeded to the Salvation Army.—Bandmaster Greene, of Peterboro, is doing splendidly with the Peterboro band.—The J. S. work of Montreal I, am arranging a free tea for the poor of the city, through the kindness of an interested friend.—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ayre are farewelling and going to rest, owing to the serious condition of the Staff-Captain's health.

The Maelstrom of Perdition.

(To our frontispiece.)

Off the rocky coast of Norway, between two islands, is situated a strong whirlpool of waters, called the Maelstrom. From times immemorial tales have been told of its treacherous waters. The fisherman caught in the eddying eddy of its outer current does not realize that he is carried with a strong stream. But suddenly he sees that the strokes of his oars, or the pressure on the tiller of his smack, do not answer to the course. In ever-narrowing circles he is carried toward the yawning vortex of the maelstrom, until with silent swiftness the black waters draw him down into the death embrace of the sea. No sailor or fisherman enters the maelstrom deliberately to get drowned, even though a few, in a moment of foolish bravado, have dared to attempt its navigation, but have paid for it with their lives.

The surging of life round us is like the restless motion of the ocean waves. The billows of excitement rise often mountains high, and carry on their crest the multitudes of the thoughtless, careless, and godless crowd. There they enter the ripples of the shore to lave their feet. The thrill of seeming harmless pleasure is upon them, and they give themselves to the satisfying of the newly-acquired tastes. Gradually the froth and exhilaration of first amusements pall and more exciting indulgences are found. So the waters of pleasure rise, as the victims of worldliness advance. Drink and gambling grow upon the man, thirst for diversion upon the woman. On they go from harmless pleasure into forbidden enjoyments, into vice, into deceit, and into crime, until the waters of hell encompass them, and after a wild last struggle, and one shriek of despair, perdition claims another soul.

Watchman, what of your duty? Can you look on and see the multitudes rush unheeded into the eddies of that fearful maelstrom of perdition? No, you can't afford it; you must not allow it. Up! Blow ye the trumpet! Tell the giddy world of the fearful depth beyond the harmless ripples; tell them of the ever-tightening chain of sin, which has laid hold upon them. Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save, the fountain of living waters to quench their thirst, the pleasure of doing one's duty, the thrilling experience of knowing the smile of God to be upon you and your work, and the never-fading pleasures of an eternity in the courts of indescribable glory, without sin or fear, or sorrow, or night.

We must save sinners! Let there be no more breaking down of faith because of difficulties. We must have souls! God is anxious to save; we are saved to save; what, then, can hinder? Let us arouse the sleeping soul, alarm the indifferent, caution the hardened, plead with the deep-dyed, and pray with them all until the flood-gates of heaven burst the bonds of a sin-barred soul and let salvation enter into possession.

The Inexhaustible Scriptures.

The very idea of such a book, which is for all men, and for all the life of every man, is that it should have treasures which it does not give up at once, secrets which it yields slowly, and only to those that are its intimates; with rich waving harvests on its surface, but with precious veins of metal hidden far below, and to be attained only by search and labor. Nothing would be so fatal to its lasting influence, to the high purposes which it is meant to serve, as for any to be able to feel that he had used it up, that he had worked it through, that henceforth it had no "fresh" or "pastures new" to which to invite him to-morrow. Even where this did not utterly repel him, where he maintained the study of this book as a commanded duty, his chief delight and satisfaction in the handling of it would have departed; he no longer would draw water with joy from these wells of salvation, for they would be to him fresh fountains no more.—Archbishop Trench.

DAILY READINGS

● ● ILLUSTRATED.

SUNDAY.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live."

—Ps. civ. 33.

David, by this expression, gives proof, as by a multitude of others, that he believed in singing. Salvationists are right in line with the Psalmist in this respect. Who shall say, on that great day of reckoning, whether more have been brought into the Kingdom through preachments or song? The Army boasts of many hundreds of good song writers. The famous "Lily of the Valley" was composed by the late Bandmaster Fry. I suppose next to Charles Wesley as a hymn-writer, in point of numbers, if not in merit, is Fanny Crosby. The former is said to have written about 6,700 hymns, while the latter has written over 4,000. The best known of them begins with the lines—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

She was born in the State of New York, seventy-seven years ago, and has been totally blind since infancy.

MONDAY.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—DAN. xii. 3.

The business of a Salvation Soldier is soul-saving. Sad to say, we are prone to lapse into indifference concerning the matter.

In 1867, when Garibaldi went on his way to Rome, he was told that as soon as he arrived he would be imprisoned. He replied: "If fifty Garibaldis are imprisoned, what does that matter? Let Rome be free!"

Oh, for such enthusiasm in the battle for Jesus, that thousands may rise up who shall say: "It matters nothing what becomes of me, so that sinners may be free!"

TUESDAY.

"As for God, His way is perfect; the word of the Lord is tried."—Ps. xviii. 30.

It is a common thing to test certain articles of merchandise by different devices, and it is often the case that their value is largely increased after they have been proved. If we were to judge God's Holy Word in a like manner we could claim for it tests far more severe and exacting than anything which has been pronounced upon by men. The promises contained in the Bible have been put to the test again and again, which at all times have been sure foundations for the believer.

Jonathan Edwards was converted through reading a single verse in the New Testament. He was at home in his father's house, and having nothing to do went listlessly into the library. The sight of a dull volume, with no title on the back, roused his curiosity as to what it could be. He opened it at random, found it was a Bible, and his eye caught the verse, "Now unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only true God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen." He tells us in his journal that out of the consideration of this verse grew a desire to love and serve the mighty King, which resulted in his conversion.

WEDNESDAY.

"The patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit."—Eccl. vii. 8.

Patience in all matters of life is a virtue we might well covet. We learn that Gibbon worked twenty years on his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Noah Webster spent thirty-six years on his dictionary. What a sublime patience he showed in devoting a life to the collection and definition of words! George Bancroft spent twenty-six years on his "History of the United States." Newton wrote his "Chronology of Ancient Nations" fifteen times. Titian wrote to Charles V.: "I send Your Majesty my painting of the Lord's Supper, after working on it almost daily for fifteen years."

George Stephenson was fifteen years perfecting his locomotive. Watt spent twenty years on his condensing engine. Newton discovered the law of gravitation when he was twenty-three; but a slight error in measuring the earth's circumference interfered with a demonstration of the correctness of his theory. Twenty years later he corrected the error, and showed that the planets rolled in their orbits as a result of the same law which brings an apple to the ground.

THURSDAY.

"Let us love one another, for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 JOHN iv. 7.

As a beam of sunlight sent through a room will at once reveal numberless motes floating through the air of the room, so a ray of Divine love let into the heart will immediately make visible to us a cloud of imperfections of which we were before entirely unaware.

FRIDAY.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. v. 16.

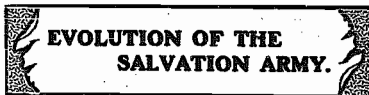
There are many ways in which we can let our light shine for Christ—too numerous to mention. A holy life is, however, the most essential way of shining for Jesus.

A man was asked, some time ago, if his work-mate was a Salvationist. "Yes," said he in reply; as there was nothing in the mate's dress to indicate that he was a Salvation Soldier, the enquirer was anxious to know how the interrogated one could tell. "Oh, I know by his eyes," was the reply. "He has the eyes of a Salvationist."

SATURDAY.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."—MATT. xxii. 37.

Love to God rises in the heart of a saved man in proportion to the sense which he maintains of his own sinfulness on the one hand, and of the mercy of God on the other. He who lacks love lacks all other graces in proportion as he lacks this. As the root of love strikes down unseen into the ground of a man's heart, the branch that bears fruit of the other graces rises higher and higher.



EVOLUTION OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

JAPAN.—(Continued.)

THE "TOKI-NO-KOYE" (WAR CRY).

Almost immediately upon the arrival of our officers in Japan they commenced publishing a fortnightly War Cry. The circulation increased remarkably, in one year having risen from a fortnightly issue of 3,560 to 8,300, and special issues running up to a circulation of 15,800. As these figures are not as up-to-date as we would have desired, it is altogether likely the circulation will be a trifle greater at the present time. However, the figures given go to prove that the Publishing Department of the S. A. is moving in the right direction in the land of the Mikado.

The War Cry has also been slightly enlarged and improved, both with regard to the illustrations and general get-up, so that now it takes a leading place among the religious journals of the nation.

The number that created the greatest measure of interest was the Special Rescue Number, referred to previously, which was largely instrumental in creating the agitation respecting "free cessation" that resulted in a satisfactory change in the licensed system, which we have already described.

Adj't Yamamuro is the Editor of Toki-no-Koye, and though the whole get-up of his War Cry differs in language, character of type, and

illustration, from ours, yet he manages to fill its columns full of terse salvation truths, making this fortnightly journal no small factor in bringing to Christ the sons and daughters of Japan.

A further line or two concerning this energetic Editor will not be out of place here. Be-



Reduced facsimile of "The Common People's Gospel" in Japanese. Published by the Salvation Army.

fore the advent of the S. A. in Japan he was to be found tearing out the leaves of his Bible and pressing them into the hands of the indifferent. He was not able to go in for more expensive tracts, and he availed himself of this means of getting good reading into the hands of sinners.

He also wrote "The Common People's Gospel."

Very early in the history of Salvation Army warfare in Japan, its officers became acquainted with the difficulty of getting inquirers and converts to understand the plan and purposes of God's great salvation. The language used by the Bible translators, and the many theological phrases connected with the Christian religion, are not such as can be easily grasped by the common people without considerable study and trouble. It has ever been a guiding principle with the Salvation Army that the love of God to sinners should be told in natural, every-day language. The thoroughness of the Biblical teaching of this book, its simplicity of language, the aptness and profuseness of illustrations, combined with the godly zeal of the writer, make the book invaluable to Salvationists and Christian workers throughout Japan. It is especially suitable for dissemination among the working classes.

Following the Light.

The best lighthouse ever built would not be any advantage to a sailor who refused to steer by its light. Jesus is the true light, but He cannot help the man or woman who does not follow Him.

Nobody likes to walk over an unfamiliar road in the dark, because ones does not know what dangers are about, nor at what moment one may make a mis-step. But Jesus has said those who walk with Him along life's pathway shall not walk in darkness.

The flickering light of the will-o'-the-wisp has led a traveler from the highway into a marsh. It is not safe to follow every light you see; Jesus is the only true Guide.

Wearied of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look to heaven, and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing can find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come!"

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

—Sister Francis.

Heaven's Royalty.

BY ADJT. C. A. PERRY.

"The Queen is dead!" This sad announcement, some two years ago, went broadcast throughout the British Empire—nay, throughout the world—followed by universal sorrow.

One of the world's greatest and most beloved sovereigns had crossed the bar that everybody, rich and poor alike, must at some time cross.

Nations mourned, for she who had passed away was greatly beloved. Her death was very much felt, as demonstrated by the representatives of all nations at the funeral. People, especially of high position, cannot die without necessitating certain changes. Among those that custom and law demand by reason of a sovereign's death is that at the accession of the new monarch the children of that sovereign take a place of precedence above the princes and princesses who hitherto had held places of honor. Yet even royalty must be obedient to the requirements of the law, and though it may not be always pleasant, the change must take place.

Deaths at times alter social position sometimes as far as earthly royalty is concerned, but not so with heaven's royalty. When we become heirs of God and adopted into the royal family of the skies, nothing can change our position excepting disobedience to the Divine laws that govern that family. If we obey the Heavenly Father's will we continue His heirs. No power of man can rob us of our heritage, and no change in this fleeting life need affect our relationship to God.

How things do change on earth. People cannot depend upon social position. The rich man of to-day may be poor to-morrow. The prince or princess of precedence yesterday may, by reason of monarchical changes, give their place to another to-day. Life's joys and honors are but transitory. Its positions fail, its honors fade. Not so with the honors of the Christian. Our heirship can no man claim—"We are accepted in the Beloved, in whom also we have obtained an inheritance."

We have to humble ourselves to be exalted, for as the Word states "before honor is humility." "Christ humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God hath also exalted Him." We also read, "Humble yourselves, therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time." "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." To share His shame and suffer for His sake here means by-and-bye to share His honor and be partakers of heavenly joy. What an exalted position for a child of God to reign with Jesus Christ. No earthly throne or dominion can

compare with it. We are heirs already, having obtained the seal of the promise, but are just waiting the crowning. Sealed and brought into divine relationship, we press our face toward the skies.

Heirs to earthly kingdoms have been known to forfeit their claim through some act not considered in keeping with royalty's demands. If by wilful disobedience we forfeit our right to the heavenly kingdom we only have ourselves to blame. No money will buy it back. Good works will not merit a passport into heaven's throne-room.

Through God's abundant mercy, however, we are told that humble and submissive and renewed allegiance to Him will bring back to us His favor. Unlike many earthly monarchs, God has deigned to reinstate us into our former position of heirship. God's Kingdom established in the hearts of men, here on earth, is a kingdom of righteousness, and the man must be righteous to be obedient to the laws that govern it.

Though these laws are inexorable, yet after all His burden is light, for love is the fulfilment of the law.

The man who is subservient to God's will likes to do the things that God wishes him to do, when love possesses His being, and there is a perfect union of government and obedience. The worldling boasts of freedom, but a man is only free when he chooses what God chooses for him.

Seeing we are children of the King, let us more than ever prize our relationship, hold on to our title, and not swerve in our allegiance to God, knowing that we shall be among the crowned in His Kingdom.

Then shall we be a part of heavenly royalty, reigning with Him who suffered death to bring us into that exalted position.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, during one of his visits to Central Africa, wrote of Mackay, the hero of Uganda:

"If any man had ever reason to be doubtful and lonely and sad, Mackay had, when Mwanga, after murdering his bishop, and burning his pupils, and slaying his converts, turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind, working day after day for so many years, bravely, and without a syllable of complaint, and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's lovingkindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment one derives from it."

Mackay himself shortly afterwards fell a martyr to the climate, but thousands call his name blessed who were led into the light through his efforts.

Extremes Meet.

Salvationist: "What you need is a new heart."
Tramp: "Don't talk religion to me. Religion is only for women and children. I've got along without it all my life. See?"

You have got along without it, you say,
And your word, for a wonder, is true—
For which of the children of God, do you think,
Has come down to the level of you?

You have got along without it, no doubt—
But you're sick in your body and soul;
From your mouth, and your head, to your heart,
You can boast of no member that's whole.

You have got along without it, until
You have not so much farther to go
To prove that the wages of sin is death,
And that men always reap as they sow.

We have neither silver nor gold to give,
But would like you to understand,
If you're willing to come with a contrite heart,
We are willing to lend you a hand.

ADJT. PHILLIPS.

The Army Suit of Blue.

Adj. Patterson, the Assistant Trade Secretary, was not aware, of course, that anyone was taking particular note of his story for the benefit of War Cry readers, but it was such an interesting description of his struggles with the uniform question that the writer could not do otherwise than put the particulars in such shape that a larger crowd than that which heard the story should have the benefit of his early experiences.

"Before I got saved," remarked the Adjutant, "I was one of those fellows who had a particular liking for a full-dress coat, a pair of light pants, a gold watch-chain, and a decent-looking hat. But the Army penitent form made a decided change in my wearing apparel. This didn't come about all at once, of course not. It was at the suggestion of an energetic comrade that I sent away to Headquarters for a Maple Leaf Shield. It arrived in due course, all shining and bright, and forthwith I placed it upon my breast. The shield seemed to be so abnormally large that I thought as I walked down the street I was attracting the attention of everyone. I fancied it was the size of a plate. The wearing of uniform was decidedly a heavy cross at first. No small undertaking was it for me to jump on my locomotive with this decoration. But I stuck to the uniform, and the S. A., and God blessed me in so doing. Although difficulties loomed up mountains high, they were but mole-hills when I really came up to them. For example, the devil made matters look very dark for me, and gave me to understand that I should be generally shunned by my companions. Judge my surprise on one occasion when I asked one of my chums to attend a meeting, for him to readily accept my invitation. My uniform at all times told what side I was on, and eventually came to command the respect of all. Yes, I believe in the uniform for many reasons—it is a safe-guard to young converts, and tells one and all which side they are on. Oftentimes they might not have the courage to speak, but the uniform is a silent witness. The uniform is a great protection, especially to our lassie-officers and soldiers. In the worst slums our officers can go without being subject to insults.

And not only are there very great advantages to the wearer, but you see,"—and here the Adjutant gave a very significant look—"you see the profits from the sale of the uniform help to roll along the Gospel chariot."

We fully agreed with all the Adjutant had said concerning the Army uniform, and could not help but long for the day when every Salvationist, all over the world, wore full regulation uniform. A procession of men and women wearing all kinds of hats, with a still greater variety of civilians' clothes, is not so good by far as one of men and women clothed in Army suits of blue, besides the other advantages mentioned.—Pry.



THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

The War Cry.

PRINTED for Evangelist Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto.
All communications on matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.
All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELIST BOOTH.
All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

- Cadet Miller to be Pro.-Captain at Cornwall.
- Cadet Batterick to be Pro.-Captain at Oshawa.
- Cadet Dunlop to be Pro.-Lieutenant at St. Catharines.
- Cadet New to be Pro.-Lieutenant at Oshawa.
- Cadet Richardson to be Pro.-Lieutenant at Lippincott.
- Cadet McMillan to be Pro.-Lieutenant at Newmarket.
- Cadet M. Smith to be Pro.-Lieutenant, North-West Province.
- Cadet Thompson to be Pro.-Lieutenant at Ridgietown.
- Cadet Robinson to be Pro.-Lieutenant at Livingston.

Appointments—

- ADJT. W. PARSONS to Dovercourt.
- ENSIGN HALEY, Cornwall, to Sherbrooke.

Marriage—

- ADJT. WILLIAM SNOW, who came out from Bay Roberts, and is now stationed at Harbor Grace, to Lieut. Hester White, who came out of St. John's, and was last stationed at Parrsboro, N.S., on Thursday, Nov. 20th, '02, at St. John's, Nfld., by Brigadier Smeeton.

Transfer—

- ADJT. GRAHAM to United States.
- EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



The Siege.

Second Soul-Saving Week.—Everyone must be pressed into service during the Siege of 1903. Drones and the indifferent must stand aside while those who have lost souls at heart take full advantage of the great wave of salvation enthusiasm which has begun to sweep this Territory from Atlantic to Pacific. Doubters will cease to doubt, the faint-hearted will take courage, when with one mighty onward sweep all will rush forward with the great battle for souls.

If a good start counts for anything, we certainly have had that, as the reports to hand of the first week of the campaign record magnificent triumphs.

It was a good idea to precede the Siege by a week of reconciliation. It has had the effect of uniting hands and hearts for the stupendous battles in behalf of the sinner.

To be a successful soul-winner one must first of all realize the importance of the work in hand. It is a desperate business, and requires an unlimited quantity of love and skill. To meet the indifference of the sinner and the hard-heartedness of the backslider requires a fresh baptism of Holy Ghost fire. But it is for us, and the great battle for souls on Sunday, March 15th, can be well-fought, victoriously won, and the second week of soul-saving a record-breaker.

Pray for the Bereaved.

No sooner had Brigadier Horn laid his little daughter to rest than the sad intelligence came that Eva, the eldest daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering, had become alarmingly ill, necessitating hurriedly conveying her to a hospital, where an operation was performed. For two anxious days the parents watched over their child, and now, as we go to press, a 'phone message tells us that little Eva has gone to heaven.

We also learn that Staff-Captain and Mrs. Coombs have just lost their youngest child, Victor.

To these comrades will come the sympathies and prayers of their comrades throughout the Territory, who will pray that God's loving arms may be placed around the bereaved in this dark hour.

The General's Triumphant Finish in New York.

(By Wire.)

General's farewell campaign in New York was a magnificent finish to his American tour. The Staff Councils showed our leader at his best; in fact, he was a revelation, as the Consul expressed it. Every Staff Officer present pledged to substantial and permanent increase in every branch of work.

Saturday's soldiers' council a Holy Ghost time; influence indescribable.

Sunday's series of meetings at the Academy of Music, from morning to finish, were avalanches of salvation and baptisms of the Spirit. The General was a wonder to the crowds of all classes which congregated. One hundred and twenty souls for week-end.

Tuesday night's final demonstration at the beautiful Metropolitan Opera House was crowded from floor to its fifth gallery. Senator Hanna was detained at Washington. In his place Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court, was chairman. The General, though somewhat injured in one of his knees by making a false step, was able to speak at length, and with undiminished fervor and force. Audience listened wonderfully, applauded freely and heartily. Trooping of colors most picturesque and intensely interesting. As the General walked out the lights vanished. Then the General came back, while the lights flashed out from stage. Tremendous torchlight procession followed. General reviewed troops from balcony of National Headquarters. New York did magnificently.—LIEUT.-COLONEL FRIEDRICH.

Welcome Home.

It was a very great pleasure to see the smiling face of Staff-Captain Manton at the Union Depot on Thursday, Feb. 26th, after his long trip to Newfoundland and the East. We were sorry, though, to see him in anything like a good condition of health. He reminded us of a steam engine which had used up the last pound of steam, and no wonder he finished his tour with nervous prostration. But it doesn't take "Daddy" long to come round, for bright and early this morning the Staff-Captain visited the Editorial Office as full of life as ever; he had a great account to give of these Newfoundlanders, the hearty manner in which he was received, and of the good times also in the East.

We give the Staff-Captain a proper welcome home; by his whole-hearted interest in the Kingdom, and his untiring energies, he certainly sets an example to many of his younger brethren.

Territorial Newslets.

Ensign Jamieson's smiling face is once more seen on the Territorial Headquarters. She has commenced her duties in the Financial Office. The Ensign is delighted to have so far recovered in health as to be able to resume work again, and is full of praise to God for her restoration.

Salvationists all over the Territory are now straining every nerve to push the Siege. From near and far come glorious reports of battles fought and victories won. Headquarters Staff are doing a noble part and putting in some good week-ends with good results. The Chief Secretary, with the Cadets, at Lippincott, had a rousing time, with four souls, and our Guelph comrades may know what to expect on the occasion of the Colonel's visit on March 14th and 15th. Other corps in the city were filled on Sunday, March 1st, by various members of the T.H.Q. and C.O.P. Staff with splendid results. Read the detailed reports for further particulars.

Brigadier Horn has again suffered a severe loss in the death of his little daughter, aged eleven months. We are sure that the Brigadier, who certainly seems to have had more than his full share of sorrow, will have the sympathies and prayers of his comrades throughout the Territory. The funeral took place on Monday, March 2nd.

Adjt. Alward recently addressed the young men of the Y.M.C.A. at Fargo; in the town unusual interest is being displayed in the work of the S. A. at the present time.

The following is good news from the North-West, and gives a good idea of the excellent material turned out of the Territorial Training Home:

"Lieut. McCallum, one of the latest arrivals from the Training Home, is destined to carve her name in the annals of the noble order of W.C.B. She started out on a regular district, and sold out before she was half way through it." The Chancellor wisely suggests that the War Cry order be increased.

MAINLY PERSONAL.—Brigadier Hargrave has been laid up with a gripe, and was obliged to cancel some of his appointments. We are glad to say, however, that at the time of going to press he is much better, and will soon be himself again.—Adj. Adams, in answer to prayer, is much improved in health.—Capt. Parker, of Hamilton, has entered the hospital, and is in a critical condition physically.—Adj. Barr, of the Temple corps, has been taken suddenly ill and prevented from carrying on his work.

Brigadier Turner is arranging to conduct a series of councils at Kingston during Easter week, for the officers and Local Officers of the Ontario part of the Province. The Locals who can manage to be present from Vermont, Quebec, or the New York part of the E.O.P. are also invited to attend. If possible, accommodation will be provided in Kingston for all who can arrange to go to the councils.

Spokane doubled its number of J. S. Companies last month.

As previously announced, Grand Bank Citadel was opened by Brigadier Smeeton on Monday, Jan. 26th, but we might add here that the new structure is without doubt the finest Army building on the Island. It reflects the highest credit on Adj. Hiscock, who has toiled early and late in connection with it, and all who have had a hand in its erection. Including free labor, nearly nine hundred dollars have been raised in the Harbor, and after the income received at the opening, the total debt remaining is \$700. The people of Grand Bank are noted for their generosity, and deservedly so.

In a private communication from Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read we call the following: "For myself, in answer to the inquiries that continually come to me from kind comrades and friends, I find the way back to health very slow and uphill. I have only been able to go out twice this year. Am confined to my room nearly all the time, and still suffer acutely sometimes; but under the blessing of the Lord I am making some progress and improvement in some ways. Pray for me."

The Commissioner's Third Siege Appeal.

(TO BE READ FROM THE PLATFORM ON SUNDAY NIGHT.)

HISTORY tells us that before that scathing outburst of Mount Vesuvius, which buried beneath ruins of burning lava the two most beautiful cities of the ancient world, there were long threatenings of the storm brewing in the mountain's burning breast. But the danger had so long tarried that the people had grown accustomed to the alarms and wearied of advice, and paid no attention to the subterranean rumblings, or the gathering smoke and heat. They built their dainty villas about its sides; they hung their rose-gardens in its woods; they danced all the Southern night upon its slopes—no thought of trouble, no question of the morrow, no provision for the coming doom. Only a handful of people removed their dwellings to the distant hills, and these were piteously mocked. Then all suddenly the sleeping volcano woke, and with a boiling, bubbling, scalding flood, covered every soul.

THERE is not a sinner in this hall but who is hastening on to a similar doom. Each day brings you nearer and nearer the outburst of retribution's fire. The anger of an offended God gathers in threatening clouds above your head; the tides of an onrushing eternity beat against your feet; the fires of a foretelling conscience burn in your bosom, and the thunders of impending justice remind you with every sin you commit, every wrong you inflict against your God, yourself and others, that "the wicked shall be turned into hell."

OH, poor condemned soul, where will you flee when your race is run, the measure of God's wrath is filled up, and the perils of death and the summons of eternity overtake you? You, who have been utterly indifferent to your soul's eternal welfare, and forgotten your indebtedness to your God and your Saviour, how will you do when you face Him in judgment? You have left Him out of your life, out of your consideration, out of your business, out of your home. You have forgotten Him—forgotten your Bible, your church, the immortal claims of your children. You have not riled against Him; you have not blasphemed His name, or mocked His cause, or denied His omnipotence, but you have manifested that cold, cruel indifference on all questions pertaining to real religion which has declared to a whole world that you have forgotten your God. You have forgotten His lawful claims upon you as your Creator, having made you in His Own Image that you might serve and honor Him. You have forgotten

YOUR OBLIGATIONS TO HIS MERCY,

which by the atonement of Blood made a way out for you from sin to grace. You have forgotten the demands of judgment, asking an account of your life's whole record—every action, every thought. You have forgotten every tie which is immortal. The sacrifice of God in the gift of His Son—you have forgotten. The birth in the manger between dumb beast and poor shepherd—forgotten! The thirty-three years of toil and suffering, ending with murder on Golgotha—forgotten! The countless glories of Heaven—the abundant reward of the righteous, and the terrors of Hell—the everlasting punishment of the wicked—forgotten! Oh, what an awakening! how dark the finish, how bitter the end, when before the bar of God you think of all these things—and think when it is too late.

SOME of you could not forget Him. Your sins weighed upon you too heavily. Your conscience too plainly and too painfully accused you. You have had too many vivid reminders of the great reality of things which await you the other side of the grave. You have too often thought about giving your heart to God and living a life which would brighten up the valley and go on shining after you were gone. Numbers of times you have been almost persuaded to be a Christian—that time when you were so very ill, when through the dim light of the sick-room you saw the doctor's face looking so anxious, and you thought you might be going; or it was when the baby died, and you crossed the little cold hands on the still breast, and thought on the little face you saw a gleam

of wondrous light; or when that terrible accident happened, when others were taken and you were spared; or in that wonderful meeting, when God's Spirit so mightily strove with you, and your past with its miseries and disappointments and terrible darkness pressed in upon you. You were almost persuaded; you nearly crossed over from doubt, wrong and danger into trust, righteousness and safety—the safety that the eternal Rock of Ages brings when it lifts a man right out of the buffetings and bruises of sin and the world. You were almost persuaded, I say—but not quite. You said, "Not now; but some other time." Perhaps you said, "Not to-night—to-morrow, or next week," I do not know, but you stifled the hunger of your soul by promising yourself rest and peace in Jesus some day. Oh, how unwise! how dangerous! what risks you are running!

SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM,

yet hesitating at its door. The eternal funeral gong may toll the death-knell of your soul while you stand upon the threshold. Death nearly always comes suddenly and unexpectedly to those who have been often warned, but who have put off their salvation, for "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Procrastination, which means putting off, neglecting, has proved the damnation of thousands. Not to-night has meant in numbers of instances never at all. You know some—I know some—we cannot bear to think of them; God gave them ample opportunities, ample warnings, ample entreaties, but they hesitated, they put off; they waited; they said, "Another time—the business will get better—circumstances will change—I'll break off from those old companions"—while with every day—with every sun that set and every sun that rose—they heaped up their wrongs toward God, toward Heaven, toward others, till at last tossing hither and thither in the waters of transgression we saw their sky go blacker, we saw the quick storm get up, we saw the lightning of God's hand strike out, we saw them go down—lost in sight of harbor!

A dying man said to his friends gathered around his bed: "Hold me up! hold me up! I can see the Gates—they are wide open." Then with utmost despair drawing every feature and darkening the whole countenance, cried in wailing tones: "Lay me down, lay me down! Too late—the gates are closed!" Is this going to be so in your case? Where are you to-night? Where will you stand in the judgment? Will you stand with those who have forgotten God? Will you stand with those who have neglected God, or will you stand with the redeemed through grace? If so, don't put off your salvation another hour. Don't wait. Come right away. Don't stay looking at your sins, although they stand as mountains. Don't look at the dark possibilities ahead of you; the future is only dark and bitter for those who have no God in it.

DON'T LINGER CALCULATING YOUR DIFFICULTIES—

there will always be difficulties; only Jesus can pilot you safely through the rapids of life's tempestuous waters; sorrows will come, troubles will come, deaths will come, enemies will come, and without the arm of God to hold you up, without the pity of God to dry your tears, without the salve of His consolation to put on your wounds, sin and pain and sorrow will be too much for you and you will go down. Come to Jesus; make Him your Friend; tell Him your story; confess to Him your sins. Tell Him you will put everything from you that is wrong; tell Him you will give yourself to Him and serve Him; tell Him you will follow in the tracks His bleeding feet left until in the morning you kiss the places the nails tore, and come now. Now is God's time. Now is the safe time. Now is the best time. In your case, now may be the only time.

Yours, praying for you in faith and pity,

Evangeline Booth

Commissioner.

PUBLIC APPRECIATION.

Rescue Work in the West as Viewed by a Western Paper.



Staff-Capt. Jost,
in charge of the Rescue Work
on the Pacific Coast.

uation is procured, and the girl looked after until able to stand once more a woman among women.

The work that is being done for this class in the State of Washington, Montana, and British Columbia, was ably described by Staff-Capt. Jost, in the Army hall on C Street, on Monday evening. The Staff-Captain has charge of the Home in Spokane, and the supervision of the ones in Montana and British Columbia, and is able, therefore, to give facts and figures regarding this most important work. Some very graphic descriptions of the social evil existing in the cities of the west, and other large cities, where the Staff-Captain has labored during the past eight years, and a few cases cited out of the many permanent changes in the life and character of the girls and women brought under the Christian influences of the Army Homes, were given.

The Staff-Captain has been appointed Police Matron in Spokane, and consequently has to deal with all women arrested in that city, and so comes in direct contact with the most unfortunate of this class. She visits them in prison and at the expiration of their sentence, if possible, receives them into the Home, where some are delivered not only from lives of shame, but from other evils which invariably follow in its train, and to-day are either still in the Home, restored to friends, or in a good situation earning an honorable livelihood. The Staff-Captain spoke of the many discouragements and burdens of this work, but believing the eternal God was in the work, and believing every effort put forth in behalf of the sinful and suffering, often, alas! more sinned against than sinning, she worked on, cheered again and again with many visible results. She spoke more particularly of the work in Spokane, also the social evil existing there, and while not thinking that Spokane was any worse than other western cities of its size, there existed there nine parlor houses, and 100 smaller ones, designated cribs, built for immoral purposes, and bringing to the owners a revenue of \$40,000 a year. Some idea of the extent of the evil, and the number of abandoned women, may be gathered from this statement.—*The Daily Reveille*, Whatcom, Feb. 13th.

West Ontario Whisperings.

On Saturday night Brigadier McMillan, assisted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs, was at the front of the battle at Simcoe. This is an old battleground of Mrs. Coombs', she having been stationed there about seventeen years ago, as Capt. Etie Madden. Quite a number of old friends turned out to the meetings, and a real profitable week-end was spent.

The barracks was a little cold for the first meeting, and things seemed rather stiff, but when the Spirit of God is at work something must surely give way. The Brigadier handled the Word of God in a skilful manner, and with the great sledge-hammer of love the hard hearts of men and women were broken up. One young man came and threw himself down before God with a broken heart, and his cry was not in vain.

The knee-drill on Sunday found a few pleading with God for the meetings of the day.

The holiness meeting was a heart-searching time. The Brigadier again gave one of his whole-souled talks, at the close of which five men and women gave themselves fully to God for service.

The afternoon meeting was a good free-and-easy time; there was a nice crowd and everybody seemed to enjoy the service. The Brigadier spoke on the new birth, the Spirit of God carried the words home, and when the invitation was given four adults and three Juniors made their way to the cross.

There was a good crowd and a good meeting at night; several were under deep conviction but could not yield.

Mrs. Coombs gave her lecture on India on Monday night. The barracks was well filled, and everybody was delighted with it.

God bless Simcoe. Go in for a lot of fire and desperate fighting, and the coming Siege will be a great success.—T. Coombs.

Sayings Worth Thinking Over.

Prayer is the heart speaking to God, and no prayer is lost.

Family worship secures the favor, protection, and blessing of our Heavenly Father, contributes to domestic order, strengthens parental government, and daily reminds all in the house that there is a God, a soul, a spiritual world, a life to come.

What I fear to do before men, I must fear to think before God.

Self-denial is long pleasure; self-gratification is short pleasure.

The Lord sometimes takes away a loved one that we may love Him more, and our supporters that we may trust Him more. He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind.

My own illness, or the death of another, should teach me what a vain thing the world is, what a vile thing sin is, what a frail thing man is, and what a precious thing is a saving interest in Christ.

He that murmurs under a light cross, goes the right way to provoke God to send a heavy one.—Selected by M. F. Ellis.

Soul-Saving Troupe at Galt.

(Special.)

The fight is very hard here, but faith in God and earnestness for souls is sure to win. Seven came to God for salvation last night, and two the night before, making fifteen since coming here. Great things are anticipated during the coming week. Full report later.—Ensign Campbell.



Ensign Campbell, Bowmanville Corps.

G. B. M. NOTES.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN J. POOLE.

—Tawa.

Upon my arrival at this place, I soon learn that the Ottawa Agents are keeping up the interest in the G.B.M. work. Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Dwyer are very active, by bringing in \$12.70. Sister B. Weisman has been appointed Agent.

—Arapahoe.

Ensign Bradbury expected to meet me at the depot here, but by the time he awoke from his dreams, and got around to the other side of the train, I was well on my way down town. By the time he concluded I had not come. However, I soon discovered his resting-place. Mrs. Kimberley, Local Agent, had her return all well in. A merchant's boy was put in Mr. Budd's drug store.

—Kamrobs.

Here I find myself once more, and at the time appointed for we start to storm the pervers of darkness. Miss B. Cokley again renders good service, and the G.B.M. returns have increased.

—Tweed.

The comrades and friends here are going to act with more promptitude than before, and especially our self-sacrificing Local Agent, Sergt. O. Garrett. My visit was blessed of God, and we had a most interesting time at all the meetings. May the good blessing of the Master flow upon the social and spiritual work here.

—Peterboro.

On the evening of my arrival Brigadier Turner presided, at the farewell of Staff-Capt. Moore and welcome of Staff-Capt. McManis. What a time of hand-playing, singing, and speech-making! But it takes Cabbage Mike to give a talk. The rats never ate one of his sermons, for they are prepared and delivered at the same time. After the meeting we all went down stairs to partake of some refreshments, provided by the League of Mercy. Soon I am in conversation with the G.B.M. Agents, and find the work is in good standing, \$5.94 being the returns. We speak with heartfelt gratitude when we consider the sacrifice made by Miss O. Butcher.

—Sandwich.

Here I am announced for the following evening, to conduct a salvation meeting. I found Capt. Oldford full of faith. Soon we were on our way to the meeting in a big sleigh. We found that the penthouse form had been quietly placed to one side. They say no one has been converted here for some time. I thought best to have the old landmark put into use again, and at the close of the night found salvation. Next morning one of the converts, a little girl with a beaming face, said, "Captain, will you have to talk now when I go to the meetings?" "Yes, my dear," I answered, "you must tell what Jesus has done for you." Sandwichers box-holders are doing all right. "Good eve, many more," is our prayer, "and prosper the good work."

Captured Bears Alive.

DARING ADVENTURE OF JAPS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Rev. Goro Kaburagi, Japanese missionary in Vancouver, asked the Vancouver zoo to accept a male and female bear, captured alive without the aid of weapons by eight of his countrymen. The male bear weighs 320 pounds, and the female bear 210 pounds.

Kaburagi says that two of his countrymen were at work in the woods cutting shingle bolts, when one noticed something bright in the dark hole of a hollow tree. It was the eye of some wild animal. The man called the other Japanese, and together they built a cage five feet high, put it in front of the hole, with a trapdoor, and started to smoke the animal out. The she-bear left the tree and rushed into the trap.

The Japanese were dancing around the tree with delight, when the huge male bear, whose presence they did not suspect, rushed from the tree and charged them. They ran for a short distance. Then one of them, Nishimoto, with a daring never heard of in the wildest tales of British Columbia, threw himself on the back of the huge monster. He was able to hold the brute just long enough for his companions to arrive, and all eight of them fell on the bear and crushed him to the earth. Six sat on his rump, while two others held his neck down with a long pole. Finally one was sent for a rope, when the bear, kicking, scratching, howling, but securely gagged, was trussed severely and hauled into camp none the worse for wear. The female bear was also carried to camp, cage and all.

The Japs were scratched from head to foot, and their clothes torn, but they had no serious wounds. This is the first time in British Columbia that full-sized bears have been caught alive without steel traps or being wounded with firearms.

OUR ARMY

Great Britain.

An ex-prisoner who can converse in six languages was converted at our London Prison Gate Home recently.

During January the Labor Bureau in connection with the City Colony provided 457 men with temporary or permanent employment. When it is remembered that it is most difficult for an out-of-work to obtain employment in London at present, this was a very creditable performance.

During the past two months above sixty thousand free meals of soup and bread have been distributed to homeless and bedless people at our Stanhope Street and Whitechapel Soup-Kitchens.

A converted convict, during a recent illness, was devotedly nursed by another converted convict who was at one time sentenced to death. The sick man was at one time an inmate of our London Prison Gate Home, and who, many years ago, was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

United States.

In twenty weeks our honored General has traveled sixteen thousand miles, visited fifty-two cities, held two hundred meetings, addressed three hundred thousand people, and seen over two thousand five hundred individuals at the mercy seat.

The General, in his parting message to our American troops, has written:

"Go on, Commander and Consul! You have fought nobly. You have my boundless confidence and my unchanging affection. The smile of your great General in heaven is upon you. His blessing is around and before you.

Go on, my devoted Staff Officers. Your loyalty, self-denial, skill, and perseverance will be rewarded. You will live in my loving memory to my dying day.

Go on, my faithful Field Officers! On you this great burden of the coming conflict must of necessity largely rest. The cross may be heavy, but the crown will be bright, everlasting, and secure.

Go on, my soldiers! You and your children, and your children's children are my hope. Rouse yourselves up. Find out your responsibilities and shoulder them right away. Discover your duty to yourselves, your Lord, and the people around you, and do it in spite of earth and hell. The American wing of the Salvation Army has to be made an overcoming power at home, and a mighty, conquering force abroad, among the heathen nations of the world.

Go on, my friends! You have stood by the Army in the day of small things, and now that it has pleased God to grant to it so large a measure of success, you will see some portion of your reward in the work done and in the thousands blessed and benefited for time and for eternity.

Go on, my comrades! You will succeed. Only keep your relations right with God, your peace of conscience unbroken, your duty to a dying world discharged, and your title clear for heaven, and you cannot fail.

I hope to see you again on your own shores. How could it be otherwise, after the love and confidence you have so freely poured out upon me? I must of necessity long to see you again. But if I am denied that privilege, I promise you, in the strength of Jehovah, my Saviour-Lord, to meet you in the Morning, where the darkness of earth shall have for ever passed and the glory of heaven begun."

Belgium.

Brigadier Malan is hopeful for our work in Belgium. A new hall at Ostend has been opened with success.

Norway.

Our comrades in Norway are in the midst of their special winter campaign for souls. During the summer months, with their long days and short nights, it is difficult to secure large congregations at indoor meetings. The reverse is the order during winter, and desperate efforts are being made for the salvation of the people.

Germany.

Commissioner Oliphant is on a tour in the Barmen, Essen, and South Divisions, Germany. Large halls have been taken in most of the cities he will visit, some of them—in such places as Stuttgart—holding over two thousand people.

Commissioner and Mrs. Oliphant have visited Hamburg, Germany. They conducted a very successful meeting in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Sunday afternoon, five hundred people being present. They also had between five hundred and six hundred people of all classes present on the Monday night in the "Sagibiel's Establishment." Much interest was manifested, and twenty souls came to the cross.

France.

Commissioner and Mrs. Cosandey have been holding a very successful campaign at Rue Auber, Paris. For the last three meetings the hall was crowded, and the audiences were deeply interested. In each engagement souls came to God.

The Chief of the Staff recently visited Paris. With regard to that visit the Chief has the following to say:

"I crossed over to Paris on Tuesday last, accompanied by Commissioner Howard, and spent the two following days in council with the officers working in that country. We had also a few comrades from Italy and Belgium—now associated with France, under the care of Commissioner and Mrs. Cosandey. It was a great pleasure to me to meet them all. The histories of faithful devotion to the service of God and man represented by the men and women in that Council Chamber are worthy to take their place among the records of all that is highest and noblest in the world's story. Our meetings were times of light and refreshment, and the spirit of all ranks gives fine promise for the future. I was especially delighted to hear of particularly powerful meetings during the last few weeks in the Paris corps, of a capital batch of Cadets coming into training on the first of next month, and of the arrangement with the French Government that the Army should take charge of young women reclaimed by them under the new laws against 'The White Slave Traffic.' I regard this latter incident as a remarkable testimony to the progress made of late in the general confidence of our work."

Denmark.

Since the New Year 150 souls have sought salvation at the penitent form in Copenhagen. A great soul-saving effort is also in progress in the Danish Provinces.

The Danish Headquarters Staff have been holding an eight days' bombardment at a Copenhagen corps. This plan is working well, and bringing new life into the corps.

At a great drunkards' demonstration in Copenhagen Temple, a crowd of drink slaves came together, and a splendid meeting was held. The testimonies of converted drunkards were most striking. Ere the close of the battle, twenty boozers (nineteen men and one woman) were kneeling at the penitent form seeking salvation. The last man to surrender was just out of jail, after doing a five years' term. The officers took him home with them after the meeting, and the next day he was put on the way to employment, at which he is now working. The meeting has made a great impression in the Danish metropolis.

Holland.

A note enclosing two hundred guilders (a guilder equals 40c.) for our Dutch Farm Colony, has been received at the Amsterdam Headquarters. The sender did not give his name, but simply said he was acting in accordance with the Word of God.

In a small town in Friesland, Holland, five members of one family have come to God within the last five weeks.

At Rotterdam Mrs. Estill introduced the officers of the slum post which is being opened there.

Commissioner and Mrs. Estill have had a very successful tour in the north of Holland. They spent a Sunday in Groningen, and crowds attended their meetings. The afternoon engagement was for soldiers only. They had a powerful time, and twenty two comrades came forward for the blessing.

Sweden.

During the year 302 new names were registered on the Candidates' Roll in Sweden. This means eighty-seven more than during 1901. In several corps glorious revivals have brought hundreds of souls to the cross, and placed many recruits on our platforms.

West Indies.

The particulars appearing in last week's Cry concerning Brigadier and Mrs. Rauch doubtless were received by our readers with relish. Just before departing from London for his new command in the West Indies the Brigadier saw the Chief of the Staff. In that interview the Chief had a long talk with him on the general position of the Army in South Africa, from whence the Brigadier hails. Like other officers who know the ground well, the Brigadier is confident that the future has limitless possibilities. He paid a warm tribute to the tireless industry of Commissioner Kilbey and Staff. Before leaving the Chief's office he received his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Preparations are being made in the West Indies to give Lieut.-Colonel Rauch a good welcome on his arrival.

Switzerland.

Arrangements are being made to procure a fresh barracks in Zurich. The gentleman with whom negotiations are being made got converted, together with his family, at our meetings in the early days.

Japan.

Mrs. Colonel Bullard went to visit the Sergt.-Major of Tokyo I, Japan, who is a tailor, but found that he had removed. After further searching, however, she discovered his new house, which was easily distinguished, as he had "Salvation Army" painted up in both Japanese and English, and the Sergt.-Major himself was there working away in his red guernsey!

The Perseverance of the Lord.

A remark made by the late Dr. James Brooks drew from a friend the following exclamation: "Why, I thought you believed in the perseverance of the saints!"

"I used to," said the shrewd doctor, "but the more I have seen of you, and me, and some other saints, the more I have been forced to believe that such a good thing as perseverance is very rare in them."

"But," he added, "there is another thing I am more and more convinced of, and that is the perseverance of the Lord. I am confident of this very thing—that He who has begun a good work in you and me will perform it." M. F. Ellis, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The Way of the WORLD

Canadian Cuttings—

Thos. Tait, Manager of the C.P.R. Transportation, has been appointed to take charge of the Australian Commonwealth's railways.

Fifteen hundred of the Montreal Street Railway employees have been organized into a union by international officers.

The Board of Trade building at Port Arthur was almost entirely destroyed by fire.

The C.P.R. lands in Saskatchewan and North Alberta have been advanced \$5 an acre.

The Canadian-British Land Company has been incorporated, to buy land and aid immigrants.

Hon. Geo. W. Ross, replying to the deputation on Niagara electric power, promised a bill providing a commission to be appointed and controlled by municipalities, and empowered to develop, buy, transmit, and distribute power.

Messrs. Hay and Wainwright met the Prime Minister and his colleagues at Ottawa, and brought forward the subject of Federal aid towards the construction of the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific line.

Attorney-General Campbell has given notice that a redistribution bill will be introduced in the Manitoba Legislature.

The Canadian-American Coal Company's mine at Frank, Alberta, is now producing and shipping over 1,000 tons of coal per day out of a single mine entrance.

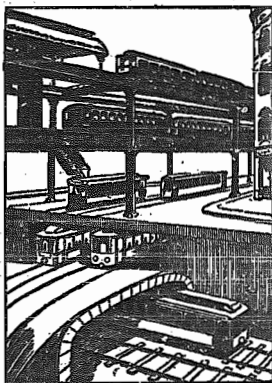
The Canadian General Electric Company will spend half a million dollars in Peterboro this year for new buildings and equipment.

About two hundred men employed in the elevators at Fort William have gone out on strike.

Mr. F. T. Congdon has been appointed Commissioner of the Yukon.

U. S. Sightings.

A bill appropriating \$9,000 for a life-size statue of the late Frances E. Willard was passed by the Illinois Legislature. It will be placed in Statuary Hall, at Washington.



Five Storied Locomotion.
This represents vertical cut at Broadway and 43rd Street, New York. The lowest tunnel contains the rails and outside traffic New York-Pennsylvania, the others local railway lines.

Workmen, tearing down the old Hall of Records, in City Hall Park, New York, have uncovered six gloomy vaults which have not seen a ray of light for nearly a century. The dungeons were built about 147 years ago by the British, as part of a prison, on what was then the northern limit of the city.

The press mill of the Laffin & Rand Power Co., at Turek, exploded, killing three men and injuring fifteen others, some of them fatally.

The typhoid fever epidemic at Ithaca, N.Y., has so far resulted in the death of eighteen students and sixteen citizens.

A frightful epidemic of diphtheria has broken out in the village of Morristown, N.Y., on the

St. Lawrence, and all business is temporarily suspended and the schools are closed. Twenty deaths have occurred and new cases are reported daily.

A cigarette caused a fire at Woonsocket, R.I., which killed one woman. Another woman was badly injured, and her two sons were severely burned.

The Senate of Wisconsin passed a measure declaring the keeping of gambling resorts to be a felony; the Montana House of Representatives passed a bill to license gambling.

Physicians at the Erie County Hospital state that as a result of an operation performed at the hospital 453 carpet tacks, 41 small knife blades, 142 screw nails, 40 pin points (resembling the points of a shoemaker's awl), six and a-half ounces of ground glass, and a wire chain about three inches in length were taken from the stomach of a patient.

Deputy Marshals report that armed resistance to Federal authority in the Raleigh coal district has been thoroughly broken as a result of the battle at Stannisford. Five are dead and sixteen wounded, as the result of the battle. Besides many prisoner, the Marshals captured one hundred guns, sixty pistols, and a ton of ammunition.

A freight train of thirty-six loaded coal and coke cars ran down the western slope of the Allegheny Mountains and collided with another freight standing on the same track. Thirty cars were demolished, blocking traffic for several hours. One man was killed and five were injured.

Many deaths from la grippe have occurred in New York and Brooklyn.

In a fight between miners and Sheriffs, at Charleston, Pa., three men were killed and six fatally wounded.

Albert Knapp, under arrest at Hamilton, O., confessed to the murder of five women, two of them his wives.

Fire at Cincinnati, O., did damage aggregating \$2,000,000.

Six men were killed and three injured by an explosion at New Village, N.J.

British Briefs.

Severe gales throughout Britain and Ireland caused much damage and several deaths.

The British steam collier, Otter Caps, was driven ashore off Feunteenot, France, and her crew and passengers, numbering thirty, drowned.

The Duke of Argyle says British manufacturers have 80 per cent. of South African trade.

The Church of England Army Shelter for the Poor, at London, was burned down, and one man killed.

The first of the All-British settlers party for Saskatoon will sail March 31st.

It was decided in England that newspaper proprietors are manufacturers, and the law does not prevent them publishing Sunday papers.

Two hundred army reservists sailed from Liverpool to take positions at Cape Breton.

The King has conferred the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George on Sir Michael Herbert, the British Ambassador at Washington.

A motion for the repeal of the law excluding Canadian store cattle from the British markets was defeated in the House of Commons.

The Dominion Liner Merion is aground near Queenstown.

International Items.

Five hundred Imperial troops were ambushed by rebels in Kwangsi Province, China, and killed.

The Czar has personally intervened in behalf of the famine-stricken Finns, and has ordered that extensive relief works be started without delay.

U. S. Consul Ayme at Guadeloupe announces that the French army engineers have established a wireless telegraphic connection with the Island of Martinique, and already official messages between the Governors of the two colonies have been exchanged. The Consul says that all cable

communication has been interrupted for several months, and the wireless system is the only means of sending telegraphic messages.

A despatch received from Gras Morne announces the complete destruction of Port de Paix, Hayti, by fire. Only the vessels belonging to the Haytien Company were saved.

A recently-discovered cure for leprosy has been applied with success in China.

Premier Kuypers, of Holland, introduced a bill for the organization of a railroad brigade to ensure regular service in case of need.

It is reported that a meeting of Anarchists will be held at Paris to plan the murder of European Monarchs.

A despatch to a Vienna newspaper, from Constantinople, announces that M. Rulong, Russian Consul at Mitrovitz, Albania, has been murdered by natives.

It is reported that thirty-two Turks were killed and many wounded in an engagement with insurgents near Monastir.

It is again reported in Madrid that the Sultan of Morocco's troops were defeated and his War Minister slain.

Some publicists are of the opinion that only the sternest language towards Turkey can prevent a war between Russia and Turkey in the Spring. They believe that Turkey will pursue bands of Macedonian revolutionaries across the Bulgarian frontier, and that public opinion will compel Russia to interfere. The Russians thoroughly understand that a war with Turkey will be a more severe one than in 1878.

Trust.

Yonder pilgrim, old and hoary,
Bending 'neath the weight of years,
Sweetly sings the "Old, old story,"
Smothers all his doubts and fears;
Hugs the faith of early training,
Looks above, trusts in the Lord;
Simple trust which, all-sustaining,
Hope and gentle peace afford.

Oh, the trust long dead, forgotten!
Oh, the faith of long ago!
Give me these, and keep your rotten,
Hollow form, and empty show!
Show me now the meek and lowly;
Lead me where the blessings rain;
Resurrect me mortals holy—
Let me see them once again!

See them kneeling near the portals
Leading to the throne of grace—
Humble, praying, earthly mortals,
With the Master, face to face.
Lo! the blessing ever falling,
On the fearless sons of God,
While the gladness all entraining
Leads them where their fathers trod.

J. A. ROWLAND.

London, Ont.

A Fortune Consigned to the Flames.

When Capt. Butler, the great traveler, died he left a book in manuscript, which he expected would be his wife's fortune. He suddenly died, and it was expected that the wife would publish the book. One publisher told her that he could himself make out of it \$1,000. But it was a book which, though written with purely scientific design, she felt would do immeasurable damage to public morals. With the two large volumes which had cost her husband the work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire, and said to herself:

"There is a fortune for me in this book, and although my husband wrote it with the right motive, and scientific people might be helped by it, to the vast majority of people it would be harmful and I know it would damage the world."

She then took apart the manuscript, sheet after sheet, and put it into the fire until the last line was consumed.

Bravo! She flung her livelihood, her home, her chief worldly resources away for the best moral and religious interests of the world.—T. DeWitt Talmage.

W. H., or H.—Your two songs received, and if for nothing else you are to be commended on the neat appearance of your "copy." I would recommend in future you select tunes well known, although one of the two you give us is not so bad. Be also careful of the tense, and remember whether you are speaking in the singular or plural number. With a little care you would be able to let us have some good songs. I will have good try to put one of your brains into shape.

Dundas.—Death has taken another of our dear comrades from Dundas corps, which again reminds us that this world is not our home. Sister Arms has been a great sufferer for several months, but on Feb. 15th she was taken to that land where there is no pain. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McManis.

HISTORY CLASS. IV. The French.

CHAPTER III.
THE CONVERSION OF GAUL.
A.D. 100-400.

Gaul could not be free in her own way, but the truth that mankind free was come to her. The Druids, though their worship was cruel, had better notions of the true God than the Romans with their multitude of idols, and when they heard more of the truth, many of them gladly embraced it. The Province was so great, that very soon after the Apostle had reached the coast near Lyons, his two sisters came thither, but this is not likely. However, the first Bishop of Arles was Trophimus, and we may quite believe him to have been the Episcopate who was with St. Paul in his third journey, and was at Jerusalem with him when he was made prisoner. Trophimus brought a service-book with him very like the one that St. John the Evangelist had drawn up for the Churches of Asia.

It was to Vienna, one of the Roman cities, that Pontius Pilate had been banished for his cruelty. In this town, and in the larger one at Lyons, there were many Christians, and their bishop was Pothinus, who had been instructed by St. John. It was many years before the Gallic Christians sought martyrdom for their faith, not till the year 177, when Pothinus was full ninety years old. Then, under the Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, a governor was sent to the Province who was resolved to put an end to Christianity. The difficulty was that there were no crimes of which to accuse the Christians. So he threatened several slaves to be seized and put to torture, while they were asked questions. There were two young girls among them, Hlandus and Blandia. Blandia was a weak, delicate maiden, but whatever pain they gave her, she still said, "I am a Christian, and no evil is done among us." Blandia, however, in her fright and agony, said "Yes" to all her tormentors asked, and accused the Christians of killing babies, eating human flesh, and all sorts of horrible things. Afterwards she was shocked at herself, declared there was not a word of truth in what she had said, and bore fresh and worse tortures bravely. The Christians were melted. The old bishop was dragged through the streets, and so pelted and ill-treated that after a few days he died in prison. The others were for fifteen days brought out before all the people in the amphitheatre, while every torture that could be thought of was tried upon them. All were brave, but Blandia was the bravest of all. She did not seem to feel when she was put to sit on a red-hot iron chair, but encouraged her young brother through all. At last she was put into a vat and tossed by a bull, and then, being found to be altered, she was put to sit on a cross, declaring that never had woman endured so much. The persecution did not last much longer after this, and the bones of the martyrs were buried, and all sorts of horrible things were done to them; the same, though of course much altered, which is now the Cathedral of Lyons.

Then, under the Emperor, Pothinus, the new bishop was Irenaeus, a holy man, who left so many writings that he is counted as one of the fathers of the church. Almost all the townsmen of Lyons became Christians under his wise persuasion and good example, but the rough people in the country were less easily reached. Indeed, the word pagan, which now means a heathen, was only the old Latin word for peasant or villager. In the year 202, the Emperor Severus, who was then born in Lyons, put out an edict against the Christians. The fierce Gauls in the adjoining country hearing of it, broke furiously into the city, and slaughtered ever Christians they laid hands upon. St. Irenaeus among them. There is an old mosaic pavement in a church at Lyons where the inscription declares that nineteen thousand died in this massacre, but it can hardly be believed that the numbers were so large.

(To be continued.)

Coming Events.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19th.

COLONEL JACOBS GUELPH.
BRIGADIER SOUTHAIR LEPICOTT ST.
BRIGADIER COLLIER TEMPLE.

SPIRITUAL SPECIALS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL FUCHSIE Hamilton I., Mar. 10 to 24.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER FLOCKERBANK—Omenec, Mar. 14, 15, 16; Fenelon Falls, Mar. 17; Lippincott, Mar. 22.

THE PROVINCIAL REVIVALISTS will visit Omenec, Mar. 8 to 10; Fenelon Falls, Mar. 17 to 30; Orillia, April 1 to 14; Midland, April 15 to 28.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER McHILLAN assisted by MAJOR RAWLING.—London I., Sun., Mar. 8, to Sun., Mar. 15.

STAFF-CAPT. COOMBS, J. B. Secretary.—London I., Thurs., Fri., Sat., and Sun., Mar. 13, 14, 15.

SOUL-SAVING TROUPE.—Hespeler, Thurs., Mar. 8, to Mon., Mar. 10; Berlin, Thurs., Mar. 17, to Mon., Mar. 22; Guelph, April 1 to 14.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Adjt. Hyde.—Owen Sound, Mar. 14, 15; Chesley, Mar. 15; Macford, Mar. 17; Collingwood, Mar. 18.

Ensign Poole.—Ogdenburg, Mar. 14, 15; Cornwall, Mar. 18, 19.

Ensign White.—London, Mar. 14, 15, 16.

Ensign Macdonald.—Guelph, Mar. 14; Emerson, Mar. 15, 16, 17; Carleton Place, Mar. 20, 21.

Adjt. Andrews.—Mississauga, Mar. 14, 15; Victor, Mar. 17; Sand Point, Mar. 18; Rathern, Mar. 19; Spokane, Mar. 21.

A Remarkable People.

STRANGE TRAITS OF NATIVES OF FERNANDO FO.

Lieut. Reid-Alexander, who has just returned to London from the island of Fernando Po, the island of Sapia in the Bight of Biafra, Western Africa, gives an interesting description of the curious inhabitants of the practically previously unexplored interior of the island. These are known as "boobies." Very few of them have seen a white man, and they never leave their primitive dwellings in the rocks except on organized drinking bouts. The race is fast dying out from the effects of

rum and palm wine. The natives are mostly quite naked, except for a curious airway bonnet. They paint their bodies with colored mud, are unspeakably filthy, for they never wash, but occasionally use a knife to scrape off the surface dirt, and create artificial deformities by tightly enveloping their limbs. The Fernando Po natives are exceedingly timid, and when sighted by the whites bolt into the depths of the jungle, where they hide up fearfully. At certain hours each day the villages are quite deserted, everyone, including the children, going off on a canoe. The Lieutenant adds that although he searched for them anxiously, he could find no trace of the burial places of the natives of the island.



To Parents, Relations, and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelina Booth, 20 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and to notify the Commissioner if they are able give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second Insertion.)

4103. TOOVEY, MRS. WILLIAM. Maiden name Sarah Barker. Height 4 ft. 6 in., has auburn hair, is rather sickly and inclined to be homesick. His (Robert) Man, in July, 1902, for Winnipeg, Man., has not been heard of since.

4104. BOYD, WILLIAM, sometimes goes by the name of Meina. Age 33 years, height 6 ft. 10 in., fair complexion, blue eyes, fair hair. Formerly worked as cashier in a foundry in Glasgow, Scotland. He is supposed to be in Canada.

4105. HENRY, FRANK. Age 24 years, light brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Sometimes works in mines. Came from England eight years ago. Last heard from in Canmore, N.W.T.

4106. JACOBS, SAMUEL. Age 21 years, single, height 5 ft., laborer. Left North Sydney for Manitoba in September, 1902. Is supposed to have returned to Toronto or Montreal. Friends very anxious.

4107. BEACH, JOHN. Shoemaker. Left his wife and six children in Trenton, Ont., in June, 1897. Previous to that had worked in Buffalo, N.Y. About 12 years of age, over 4 ft. in height, black curly hair, brown eyes, roman nose, has a mark on the thumb of his right hand caused by a felon.

4108. FALCONER, WILLIAM DAVIDSON. Age, if living, 44 years. Left Toronto, Kinross-shire, Scotland, in 1886. Was last heard from as Freight Agent of the Great Western Railway, at Chatham, Ont., in 1903.

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How Rose Helped Mabel.
The Hymn.
The Pearl of Faith.
Robbie's Christmas Dream.
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The Young Belle.
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Nellie's Just Quest.
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Frank and Pion Tell Their Travels.
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The Little Powder Monkey Yarn.
Hump and All.

12c.—Continued.

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Over a Rolling Sea.
The Old Pitt.
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The Boy's Wisdom.
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The Little Ted.
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The Boy's Lesson.
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Black Harry.
Bob and Bill.
Friends Till Death.
The Prosecuted Family.
Old David's Lesson.
The Knights of Albany.
The First Printer's Early Day.
Little and the Sunbeams.
Up to Mark.
Too Dearest Bought.
Dorothy.
Edna May, or the Twin Roses.
Florrie Ross.
Poor Little People.
Gerard's Victory.
Is He Clever?
Kate's Ordeal.
Little Bess, or the Purkin Heart.
Ming the Schoolmaster.
Nat and His Little Heathen.
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No Royal Road.
Urula Wyrne.
The Vicar's Chair.
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Beale at the School.
The Magic Runes.
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18c.—Continued.

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Alexander McKay, Missionary Hero of Uganda.
Sir Samuel's Lesson.
The Story of Garfield.
The Story of James G. Imour.
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The Story of David Livingstone.
The Story of Florence Nightingale.
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The Father in Life.
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Geoffrey Hallam.
A Sunbeam's Influence.
Golden Silence.
Matthew Frost.
Beale at the School.
Percy Pungley.
Master Martin.
Three Times Three.
Beale Among the Mountains.

25c.—Continued.

Billy's Friends.
The Heroine of Brookleigh.
The Boy's Lesson.
Out by Herself.
Hetty Martin's Trial.
The Boy's Lesson.
Called to be Conquerors.
Crums from the Children's Table.
Driven Into the Ranks.
Lifting of the Shadow.
Mabel's Story and Claude.
Russell's Sister.
On Rocky Soil.
Ralph's Story and Claude.
Squire Lynne's Will.
Walt and Gipsy.
Con's Adventure.
Treasure Lost and Treasure Found.
The Life That Now is.
Overcoming the World.
His Brother's Keeper.
The Story of Frederick Lincoln.
The Story of Victoria, R. I.
The Story of Albert the Good.
Martin's Letter.
Francis R. Willard.
John Bunyan.
Oliver Cromwell.
Phillips.
Morag Macleod's Missionary.
The Story of Catherine of Siena.
Jack Horner the II.
The Christmas Stocking.
Rutherford's Children.
A Song of Silence.
Grace.
The Gentlemen.
Three Little Sisters.
Three Little Brothers.
Daisy of Old Meadow.
Boys Will Be Boys.
Daybreak Britain.
Ludovic, or the Boy's Victory.
Nataly Bue.
Nyrta Sherwood's Cross.
Dolly.
God's Gifts to Two.
School Life at Bartram's.
It's All Real True.
The Story of the Rock.
The Humpty Dumpty Silverbell.
Percy at the School.
Dorothy's Treasures.



Songs for the Siege



The Holy Fire.

Tunes.—*Come, comrades dear* (B.B. 9); *He lives* (B.B. 138).

1 Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire,
Come, and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious blood;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.

Let nothing now my heart divide,
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee.
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Jesus, my glory be.

Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A ling'ring, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than thyself, oh, do not give;
In might Thyself within me live;
Come, all Thou hast and art.

My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face;
Calied the full strength of trust to prove.
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

Sound His Praises.

BY CAPT. M. GIBSON, NEWPORT, VT.

Tune.—*Hallelujah, send the glory!*

2 We're fighting for God,
And we trust in His word,
We're determined to conquer
Through Jesus our Lord.
Hallelujah! Sound His praises!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Sound His praises
Again and again!

How sweet it will be
When from sorrow we're free,
And we get home to Glory,
Our Saviour to see.

Hallelujah! we'll sing,
Till we make heaven ring
With the praises of Jesus,
Our Saviour and King.

Return to the Fold.

BY CAPT. LAVINIA A. PATTENDEN.

Tune.—*Where is my boy to-night?*

3 Oh, once you did love and serve your Lord,
And walked in the paths of right,
But you have wandered in sin's dark night—
Return to the fold to-night.

Return to the fold to-night,
Return to the fold to-night,
Oh, spurn not His voice, but make Him your
choice,
Return to the fold to-night.

Remember the time you knelt in prayer,
With a heart by blood made white;
Your love has grown cold, you've left your Lord,
Return to the fold to-night.

You shared the cross in the open-air
In the fierce of the fight,
But Satan said, "Choose an easier path."
Return to the fold to-night.

We Go Marching On.

BY F. HUNTER, THETIS ISLAND.

Tune.—*Glory to His name* (B.B. 38).

4 Onward we climb, up the mountain side,
Onward we press, against the raging tide,
Spreading the Gospel far and wide,
We go marching on.

Chorus.

We go marching on,
We go marching on,
Spreading the Gospel far and wide,
We go marching on.

Leaving the friends that we love so dear,
Laying aside every doubt and fear,
While there's a soul with a listening ear
We'll go marching on.

Where the sun shines, on a desert sand,
Far in the frozen north, we stand—
Down with the devil in every land—
We go marching on.

Then when the battle of life is o'er,
Up to the region above we'll soar,
Sweeping through heaven's open door,
We'll go marching on.

Come to the Fount of Life.

BY F. IBBOTSON.

Tune.—*Wonderful words of life* (N.B.B. 299).

5 Wanderer from the fold of grace,
Jesus will set you free;
Though upon Him you've brought disgrace,
Still He will set you free.
You've rejected the Saviour,
Yet He holds you in favor,
Do not delay, come while you may,
Come to the fount of life.

Once you served Him so faithfully,
Proving His power to keep you;
Once you told of His wondrous love,
Promising to be true;
But from Him you did sever,
Then denying Him ever;
Prodigal, come, still there is room,
Come to the fount of life.

There is nothing this world can give,
Only that fades away,
Bringing anguish and aching void,
Further you'll drift away.
Christ alone can give pleasure,
Pressing down and good measure;
Seek Him to-day, come while you may,
Come to the fount of life.

I Want to Be Saved.

BY BRIGADIER T. H. COLLIER.

Tune.—*I want to go there, I do.*

6 To-night, poor lost sinner, let this be your cry,
I want to be saved, I do!
I've wandered from God, to destruction come
night,
I want to be saved, I do!
I'll come to the cross and forsake all my sin,
I want to be saved, I do!
Oh, pardon the past and just now take me in,
I want to be saved, I do!

Chorus.

I want to be saved, I want to be saved,
I want to be saved, I do!
I want to be saved, I want to be saved,
I want to be saved, I do!

For years I have grieved Thee and broken Thy laws,

I want to be saved, I do!
I've done many things that have injured Thy cause,
I want to be saved, I do!
I deserve to be banished away from Thy face,
I want to be saved, I do!
But humbly I'm seeking Thy pardoning grace,
I want to be saved, I do!

I promise Thee now, if my sins Thou'lt forgive,
I want to be saved, I do!
The rest of my days for my Master I'll live,
I want to be saved, I do!

I'll try to win others, by Satan held fast,
I want to be saved, I do!
And then, through the blood, I'll reach heaven
at last,
I want to be saved, I do!

For You I Am Praying.

Tune.—*For you I am praying* (B.J. 227).

7 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in Glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth
friends be few,
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And, oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour
too!

Chorus.

For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in hea-
ven,
But, oh, may He lead you to go with me, too!

When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour, too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to
Glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered
for you!

Oh, Turn Ye!

Tunes.—*My Jesus, I love Thee* (B.J. 54); *Oh, turn ye* (B.J. 86).

8 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why will ye
die
When God, in great mercy, is drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion that while you delay
Your heart may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as
you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirits when summoned to die,
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky?

Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

Besieged.

To besiege is to place around or before a beleagued city an army, with the object of compelling them to surrender. This is often done under cover of advanced works, which protect the besiegers from the enemy's fire. A siege differs from a blockade. In the latter all avenues of approach are cut off, communication and supplies stopped, thereby starving out the garrison. This is usually a slow process, which does not always bring about the desired results. A siege, as a rule, is the most successful method, and brings quicker results. We must not be satisfied with a blockade. No, no! It is a "Siege." A Siege of the Lost, and we must use force and save souls as by fire. The command has been given.

We must go at things in a definite manner, locating the enemy, surrounding him, and taking the situation by force. Ours is a Gospel of compulsion, and the situation will not be taken without good leadership. Strategy must be employed, which means doing things at the opportune moment. Taking the enemy by surprise; doing the opposite to what he expects. Be on the alert to bring about a successful issue. The leader must think, plan, pray, work, and be up-to-date in the science of spiritual warfare. Do not be satisfied with merely blockading the enemy, although this will be necessary, but press on, take the city, town, and village for God and the Salvation Army, under the protection and care of the Lord of Hosts. It is a battle to the finish, and an unconditional surrender. It is a Siege!—The Siege of the Lost! Forward!—Eastern Star.